[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED]

LOVE'S LABOUR WON:

AN EVENTFUL STORY.

BY JAMES GRANT,

AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF WAR," "THE BLACK WATCH." "FAIRER THAN A FAIRY," ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XLII —A FRESH SORROW.

Two nights had elapsed now, and with the morning of the second day there came a little hope to Melanie—the sudden hope that Dick might have taken refuge at the vicarage with the Brendons, or at the hall with Sir Brisco—but then, surely either would have communicated with her on the subject.

The idea of the hall was repugnant to Melanie, though Reggie was there already. But now she could not rest until she had made inquiries at both places; and to her intense relief, that morning, her uncle had betaken himself to town, so she was left to her own devices and resources.

Dick had not been heard of at the vicarage, whither she had first gone, exciting the alarm and sympathy of the doctor's family; and now she turned her steps toward the hall, clinging to the hope that Reggie might know something of his brother's plans or whereabouts, and in her haste and anxiety she traversed the nearest and private path, heedless of the terrors of "Plantagenet Pugwash, Esquire," who had had placed there a new and more portentous notice, threatening with condign punishment all trespassers on his lands. In order to pass the time, she thought of walking slowly, but did not do so, and in the end she almost ran.

As she hurried on, she thought what were the aspirations of the baronet as regarded herself, when compared with the absence of Dick! The lesser annoyance was completely swallowed up in this new and unexpected misfortune.

She seemed to herself to be thinking, acting and speaking like one in a dream; yet all was too terribly plain to her. The hall was the last place whither she would have gone personally to prosecute her anxious inquiries; but, as no other resource was left her, as early as seemed consistent with good-breeding she found herself taking her way across the spacious and noble park.

Great diamond-like drops hung from every bush and branch, where but a few brown leaves remained to attest the lost summer's luxuriance. The startled rabbits scudded across the sward before her as if Bingo had been after them; and the holly-berries, heralds of the coming Christmas, hung in scarlet clusters among the thick, dark, prickly leaves.

Before her now stood the masses of the hall, which possessed all the charm of antiquity with the luxuries of the present day, and far around it spread the domain, with all its nooks and lovely dingles where least expected.

Melanie's steps faltered and lingered, while a transient blush, inspired by annoyance more than any other emotion, crossed her pale cheek.

The great door of the hall stood open, a powdered footman lounged against a pillar, and the open space behind him revealed a vista like a conservatory, so bright was it with hothouse flowers, geraniums, orchids and azealeas, interspersed with white statues and vases of colored marble.

She wished only to see her brother Reggie, but now, with something of a thrill and shock, she saw Sir Brisco, clad in a rough tweed morning suit, with a weed-cutter in his hand, approaching her round the outer terrace, throwing away his cigar as he did so.

Surprise and intense satisfaction were his first emotions, for he felt just then unusual confidence in the progress of his suit, as, in addition to Uncle Grimshaw's letter, a recent conversation he had had with Mrs. Chillington was fresh in his mind, and every word of it was vividly recurring to his memory as he saw Melanie.

"You will surely take courage afresh, Sir Brisco?" Mrs. Chillington had said to him, tapping his arm with her fan.

"But there is this Lonsdale," he had replied, questioningly.

"That is over and ended, I doubt not."

"Why?"

"No woman ever cares long, or much, for a man she is sure of."

Sir Brisco had not known what reply to make to this strange speech.

"Lonsdale, pah!" snorted Mrs. Chillington. "His pay—I suppose he has nothing more—would not keep my carriage and horses, let alone my niece, Melanie. Besides, long engagements are idiotcy. Years would have to elapse ere these two could get married, if ever; and between you and I, Sir Brisco, I think engaged couples awful stupid, and bores in society. I married Chillington right off in a month. A penniless officer—it is quite like a bit of an old play!—has no business to go about the world luring pretty girls into long engagements."

"Melanie is more than pretty; she is lovely."

"Especially after being under the hands of my Clochette. But her face is her fortune."

"The fortune of a princess. But then, good looks run in the family."

Mrs. Chillington bowed.

"And now when she realizes his faithlessness—no letters, you know, Sir Brisco—she will have surely too much pride to go on loving him; and surely the prospect of going out to India, the wife of a poor subaltern, or captain, or whatever he is, can have no longer any charms for her."

"You think so, Mrs. Chillington?"

"I do. India is excellent as an outlet for the impecunious detrimental; and Burmah is still better," she added, with a malevolent glitter in her eye.

Now, Sir Brisco was an honorable man, and when he heard her talk, as she often did, slightingly and in a derogatory manner, of his younger rival Lonsdale, he thought of the saying, "that the people who take our characters away are the people who do not know us." He knew that the remarks of Mrs. Chillington, notheless her charming old face, sweet voice and masses of silver hair, were generally colored by malice, at least if she disliked those of whom she spoke; yet in this instance he gathered courage from what she said.

"A woman's anger is seldom wholly reasonable," says Rhoda Broughton, and Mrs. Chillington had cultivated this theme so much that she had perhaps come to think that Melanie had engaged herself to a really dubious adventurer, for such she considered poor Montague Lonsdale when contrasted with the wealthy owner of Ravensbourne Hall, and had repeatedly said: "Oh, if that wretch would only die, or the Burmese kill him!"

And perhaps she was nearer having her wish fulfilled, in some sort, than she thought. Opening and shutting her fan viciously with her quick little hands, she exclaimed:

"Why should Melanie be so different from my sweet friend, Hilda Tremayne?"

"What did Miss Tremayne do?"

"She loved, or thought so, a young fellow in the rifles, with all the affection of which her nature was capable; but he was not rich enough to give her all the luxuries that, as a beauty, she required and felt her due, so she cast him off and married the more wealthy cousin of Horace Musgrave, as you know, and won all the splendor for which she had ever pined. Yet Hilda—she is a dear girl—asserted cooly, 'I am not a flirt—no—my worst enemies cannot accuse me of being so. I have often won gloves and brooches at Ascot and Hurlingham, and many a cheque for a button-hole at a charitable bezaar, but what of all that—I am no flirt!' But she was a coquette, and a nice one too. Now, as for Melanie, who can answer for the caprices of a woman, and still more those of a romantic girl? I feel thankful that I have no daughter to worry me, as girls are so certain to fall in love with the wrong person at first."

The result of all this was that Sir Brisco gathered great courage anew; but the sudden appearance of Melanie at the hall, and at an hour so early, if it greatly enchanted, certainly puzzled him, while the whole conversation referred to rushed upon his mind.

He could not prevail upon her to enter, even to see her brother. She was in haste, she urged, and must return home without delay.

Womanhood was asserting itself now in the bearing of Melanie, and when Sir Brisco, in accosting her, lifted his stalker-cap from his grizzled head, he was fairly entranced by her pale beauty, accustomed now though he was to it; but though encouraged by all that Mrs. Cullington had said but yesterday, her manner disappointed and bewildered him now.

"It was Reggie I wished to see," said she, nervously withdrawing her hand from his lingering clasp. "How good—how good of you to be so kind to him," she added, forcing back her tears; "but it was not about him I have come this morning—Dick, my little brother Dick——"

"What of Dick?"

"Is he not with you?" she asked, her miserable gaze fastened on his with something of desperation in it.

"With me—here at the hall—no."

Melanie now, to his consternation, sobbed heavily, the long strain of the past hours finding partial relief once more in a flood of tears.

"Good heavens, what is the matter?" asked Sir Brisco, with genuine concern.

He then heard with surprise, but little more emotion, of Dick's disappearance, of what had brought it about; and only believed that he "was playing the truant," and that he would turn up in the course of a day or so, when he had spent all his money, ignorant that poor Dick was penniless.

"Don't be so alarmed, Melanie—Miss Talbot—it is only a boyish freak," said Sir Brisco. "I ran away from Eton myself—swam the river to escape my tutor—he'll be all right, never fear."

"But two nights' absence, Sir Brisco—two nights!"

"Trust to me, Melanie; I shall see after him. But where can the young rogue be hiding himself?"

"Oh, find him, if possible, Sir Brisco I love my boy brother so, that in my gratitude——"

She paused.

"One who loves as well as you do must be a sturdy hater as well," said he, smiling.

"I know not; I never hated anyone," replied Melanie, gently and truly.

"You hold my life—my happiness, certainly—in your hands," said Sir Brisco, in a low and earnest voice, as he thought of his recent conference with her aunt; but Melanie smiled bitterly, with averted face, at the inflated love making of her elderly admirer.

"Think, really, is there no hope for me now?" he urged.

"Why—now?" thought Melanie; but Sir Brisco had an idea that there was, and that the field was all but clear for him.

"I do not seek to hurry you. Melanie," said he, bending over her; "but it will go hard with me to give up the hopes to which I have clung so long."

"Oh, why speak to me again on this subject, and at such a time? Is it generous?"

"Pardon me, but I can help you in your sorrow, and may discover this foolish little rascal Dick; yet, I will never give up hope, Melanie, till I see you the—the wife of another."

Melanie wrung her hands; irritation now mingled with her bitter anxiety. She turned her back for a moment, and thus gave Sir Brisco an opportunity of noting the snowy nape of her neck, and thinking how long her dark brown hair must be, by the number of coils at the back of her shapely head.

In her helplessness, and knowing that if aught serious had happened to Dick, Sir Brisco alone would befriend her, she was compelled to hear more of his tenderness, with a kind of stunned sensation; and totally declining his escort, she turned away, thinking the while that her home, never a very happy one, was broken and desolate now, so she need not hasten thither. Yet she did so, in the desperate hope that the missing boy might have returned in the interim—a hope dashed by old Bethia, who met her on the threshold with a woeful shake of the head.

Noon passed on; around was a dreary prospect of leafless branches and slanting wind-blow rain. Was he out under all that, out alive or dead.

Evening again drew on. Soon the sun would set; the western sky was growing crimson, the birds were winging their way homeward, the shades were falling, the rising wind shred away the last of the lingering leaves, and the lap of the river came from a distance.

Meanwhile, Sir Brisco was active, and—his kindness of heart apart—anxious to win at least the gratitude of Melanie, he had the roads scoured and the woods searched by his keepers; the police stations referred to; but all in vain. No trace of Dick could be found. Another day and night of agony was passed by Melanie, unknown to whom Sir Brisco had every pool and mere searched, without discovering that which certainly he had no wish to find.

The heart of the poor girl seemed to die within her; and now the disappearance of Dick compelled Reggie, not unwilling now, to return to the cottage, as he could not leave his sister alone in her misery.

"And now, ere I go, Sir Brisco," said the grateful young sailor, "permit me to thank you—thank you so much—for all your pitying kindness to me, a poor sheer-hulk! I have felt it inexpressibly painful to have been for ever giving trouble."

"My dear fellow——" began Sir Brisco.

"You have done for me what the doctors have failed to do—cheered my heart and raised my spirits."

And now the bitter anxiety of Melanie was only alleviated in some degree when a brief, schoolboy-like scrawl came from the lost one, to the following effect:

"I have gone to be a soldier, and Bingo too, for Uncle Grimshaw is a beast and no mistake. In the army I shall, of course, meet Montague Lonsdale, and won't I tell him all about the old skunk and his despatch-box. Perhaps he may get me made a captain. Sergeant Hawkerley's corporal, Mr. Gutters, tells me that he has enlisted a great many boys like me, and they are all captains now. I was awfully hungry when I met the sergeant. Love to Reggie and old Bethia, in which Bingo joins me."

He concluded with many loves and kisses to Melanie, and at the end of the letter was a strange smudge, evidently from the paw of Bingo, smeared in ink.

This characteristic letter had neither date nor address, and as rain had quite obliterated the postmark, it gave no clew whatever to Dick's whereabouts or the regiment he had joined.

In this new phase of distress, she missed some of the sympathy of her friends at the vicarage, for now the preparations for Amy's marriage went on apace, and all were very busy there; so Melanie's fresh sorrow was just then of secondary interest. And nothing grated on her feelings more than the hard-heartedness of her Uncle Grimshaw, who was disposed to be actually jocular on the subject of his "drum-boy nephew," as he termed Dick.

CHAPTER XLIII.—THE FORTUNE OF WAR.

We must now return to Montague Lonsdale and his comrades, whom we left, five chapters back, in the vicinity of Minhla, and who were now proceeding up the river against the next formidable town, Myan Gyan.

The Calcutta mail had just brought Montressor a letter from Claire. How Lonsdade envied him, for no letter from Rose Cottage had yet come to shed a little light upon his way; but the bugles were sounding now for the troops to "fall in," and Montressor with all his affectionate anxiety, had to pocket his half-read epistle for perusal at a more fitting time.

As usual the mail brought no letter for Lonsdale. That one posted so surely and lovingly by Melanie never reached him, by the course of events at the capture of Ava, as we shall show ere long.

"I wonder why hand grenades have gone out of fashion. They would be of right good use in the jungle here, or wherever we have bush fighting. I have heard my father speak of bouquets of them, quilted with fuses outward, being fired from the mortars in his time," said Lonsdale, as he surveyed the dense luxuriance of the teak forests and their undergrowth that bordered the river up which the ships with the troops on board were steaming steadily and merrily. And rumor already whispered of a column being detailed for the capture of the Ruby mines.

The very name suggested much to excite cupidity. Lonsdale thought of Melanie, and whether it could be possible, in this most prosaic age of the world, to achieve wealth by the effort of an hour.

Who is there that has not dreamed of sudden riches—sudden as those that fell to the lot of Aladdin or Monte Cristo? He smiled to himself as he thought of how love excited a vague emotion of acquisitiveness, even in him. But "to become rich suddenly, and without effort, by the result of some splendid stroke of chance, has been a dream with millions," we are told. "Such a method of enriching the heroes of romance has been fashionable since the days of Sinbad. It is one of the stock devices of romance, simply and purely because it chimes in one of the stock dreams of human nature."

By the realization of such a dream, the wealth even of the owner of Ravensbourne Hall might be far eclipsed, and the most greedy and ambitious aspirations of Mr. Grimshaw and Mrs. Chillington be more than satisfied.

But Mandalay, northeast of which lie the 100 square miles of the far famed Ruby district—one regarded much akin to fear and veneration by the Burmese,—was not just then within the general's scheme of operations.

Theebaw, who had not as yet been deposed, was still "Lord of the Rubies," and when he wished to impress on a visitor an idea of his vast wealth, was wont to make him thrust his arms into the great jars of rubies and sapphires, that stood in the treasury like sacks of corn in a granary. Rumour made some of these stones to be of fabulous size, equal indeed to that famous ruby, in exchange for which Kublai Khan offered a magnificent city.

It was impossible for Lonsdale not to speculate on what might occur if he was sent on the expedition referred to. A few handsful might give him and Melanie all they wanted in the world. To her they might bring a new life—a new existence with all her love for him, and all she could ever have longed for in her crushed and somewhat sordid girlhood, with the power to aid the poor and the suffering—that power she longed for most; but neither Montague Lonsdale or Montressor were fated, as the event proved, even to see the ruby mines of King Theebaw.

A strong force of the enemy were said, and found to be, at Myan Gyan, a town situated on the left bank of the Irawaddy, and one of great importance, as it is alleged to have extended for two miles along the river bank.

It then contained many houses of priests and gaudy temples, the scarlet and gilded pagodos of which rose above the brilliant greenery of the surrounding forests; and it was famous in the wars of the Burmese and Peguens, as it was distant only ninety miles from the capital.

About 4 in the afternoon of the 24th of November the flotilla came in sight of the town, which was seen to crown a high bank—all the higher owing to the state of the river at that season of the year—and affording most favorable ground for the erection of three long batteries, which in European hands might have knocked the flotilla to pieces, and could not have been searched out easily with shell.

The country around is level and open, and overlooked by an isolated hill, the secluded abode, according to Burmese superstition, of dreadful fiends and demons.

The royal troops in Myan Gyan mustered about 5000 strong, and they held a number of rifle pits—probably the suggestion of their Italian engineers—and some guns in battery on the plain below the town, and therein their gilt umbrellas and papier mache helmets, adorned with the fire-vomiting dragons and so forth, could be seen above the earthworks when the Irawaddi, the Kathleen and the gunboats opened fire on the latter with shells, the hoarse explosion and ghastly gleams of which soon elicited dreadful yells and shrieks of rage and dismay; and these increased after the pestilent Nordenfeldts and Gardiners came into action. But the Burmese seemed for a time resolved to hold their ground.

Meanwhile, after partially silencing the defences of the lower part of the town, the ships, after dusk fell, steamed slowly past the long, entrenched batteries, receiving and replying to their fire in quick succession till anchoring to the northwestward, from whence they could enfilade the whole line, which they continued to do till far into the night.

Lonsdale and Charlie Danvers, on the bridge of the Kathleen, smoked their cigarettes, heedless whether their white helmets, tipped by the moonlight, might afford marks for the Burmese riflemen, and watched together the weird effects of the heavy banks of sulphurous smoke, streaked ever and anon by the sharp and brilliant flashing of the great guns and the red sparks of exploding shells, to both of which the wonderfully clear radiance of the oriental moon on the deep shadowy grove and the flowing river lent a most expressive accessory; while the flights through the air, or to grovel on in terror on the shining water, of those immense numbers of acquatic birds that hover near the marshes, followed every booming discharge.

So passed the night of the 24th, and on the following morning our troops were landed to storm the positions under fire from the floating batteries.

The whole of the long, wavy grass and dense bushes by the river side seemed alive with musketry, while deep and hoarse came the booming of our 64 pounders, the great shot of which at times went humming over the batteries and trenches into the open ground beyond.

The thin blue smoke of the adverse rifles and cannons curled through and enveloped the drooping mangroves that fringed the river bank, and rolled along its surface, rising but slowly therefrom, as the atmosphere was close, still and heavy.

The naval brigade threw shells into the enemy's earthworks with wonderful rapidity and precision; but a two hours' bombardment was required to silence the fire from the latter, when the defenders drew off into the jungle, after a severe loss in killed and wounded, while, in that quarter, we had only two Blue Jackets slightly hit; but, hit by one of the last shots that came from the fugitives flying into the jungle, was the giddy young sub, Cecil Travers, the handsome boy attached to the Governor's body guards. He fell forward on his face, hit in the heart, and never moved again.

The fire of our machine guns proved especially destructive and terrible. Under it, entire groups of Burmese, in shining helmets and gorgeous tunics of flowered stuff, fell in heaps, from which, perhaps, one or more might be seen to stagger up, or crawl away in agony, only to sink and perish a little further on.

On the flight of the enemy, a detachment of the Liverpool Regiment, another of the Eleventh Bombay, and a company of Sappers, were left to form a garrison in Myan Gyan.

Wearied by the events of the day, Lonsdale was returning to the flotilla, which had orders to proceed slowly up the river.

Threading his way in the dusk, where the stems of the ebony and banyan trees stood up in black and opaque outlines against the red and purple quarter of the sky where the sun had set, leaving a flush, as of blood, upon the pools, the swamps and the currents of the Irawaddy—threading his way, we say, among the dead and wounded who strewed all the vicinity of the enemy's works, a groan, a voice he knew, arrested his steps; and to his distress and dismay he found that he had nearly stumbled over the thoughtless and heedless young lieutenant, Charlie Danvers, who, like his chum Travers, was also on the general staff, and now lay on his back dying of a mortal wound, with bells of blood and foam oozing from his lips.

Yet he knew Lonsdale, and his eyes, sad and weird in expression, rested anxiously, clingingly, on his face, as the former bent over him.

The lad seemed quite conscious, but unable to speak.

"Poor Charlie—my poor fellow!" escaped Lonsdale's lips unconsciously.

The dying lad, in whose breast the fragment of a shell had lodged, driving the ribs into the lungs, made more than one most painful effort to mutter something that sounded like a farewell message to someone; so Lonsdale bent over him lower still to catch the words, so terribly important now, but in vain.

Then suddenly Charlie raised himself as if by a superhuman attempt, and while a smile, a wonderful brightness, shone for a moment in his eyes and on his face, he cried, in a strange and broken voice:

"Mother—mother here!"

A visionary and well-loved face had hovered before him for a moment—a moment of happy but distempered fancy, and then he fell back dead.

Lonsdale lingered near him sadly for a moment or two, and after reverently closing his eyes, turned away in great sorrow. Prayers were not much in his way; thus Byron's line occurred to him: All that we know is, nothing can be known.

But poor, thoughtless Charlie Danvers now knew all.

The two young friends were gone; two more lives lost in that remote and almost obscure strife; but it was their fate and the fortune of war.

[To be Continued Next Week.]

INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS.

A Woman Put Under Hypnotic Influences Her Strange Actions.

London Standard.

The amphitheater of the Charite Hospital in Paris was on October 10, crowded with persons who had been invited to witness the experiments of hypnotism made by Dr. Luys, member of the Academy of Medicine and doctor at the Salpetriere. Before introducing M'lle Esther, his subject, the doctor showed his auditors photographs illustrating the effects produced on her in his laboratory. M'lle Esther was brought forward.

By the means of magnetic passes the doctor throws her from a state of lethargy into a cataleptic condition, and then into a state of lucid somnabulism. Dr. Luys placed a tube containing hashish on her neck, and she seemed instantly to feel the effect of the narcotic preparation. She assumed a natural air and soon went straight toward Dr. Reclus, who was present and proposed to perform the "Mascotte" with him. The doctor was rather annoyed by the preference shown him by M'lle Esther, so Dr. Luys diverted her attention from him to Dr. Segond, who consented to play the part of "Pippo," while M'lle Esther took that of the "Mascotte." He sat down beside her, whereupon she promptly kissed him. "Now sing," said Dr. Luys, holding the tube to her neck, and she began at once, stopping short when the tube was withdrawn.

Dr. Luys then begged Dr. Reclus to place himself behind the young woman, and to put the tube on her neck and then gradually take it away. Mlle. Esther began again to sing; but in proportion as the tube was taken further and further from her, her voice became fainter and fainter till it died away entirely. She then fell, in a cataleptic condition, into the arms of the hospital attendants who were behind her.

Dr. Luys made other experiments upon M'lle Esther. By looking at her he made her follow with her eyes an imaginary bird in the air, and at last she thought she had caught it in her hands. Then, by making her look down, the doctor frightened her by making her imagine there was a serpent at her feet.

The most remarkable display was when Dr. Luys placed a tube containing ten grammes of essence of thyme on M'lle Esther's neck. In a few moments her face became purple, her arms and hands stiff, and the neck swelled out in a most extraordinary manner. From thirty-one centimeters it grew by the contraction of the muscles to thirty-five. The suffering seemed to be intense, and when the tube was taken away the patient was two minutes at least before returning to a state of lethargy. Dr. Luys has for many years been studying hypnotism, and no one can for a moment imagine there is anything like charlatanism in his experiments.

Milwaukee has a bowling club of eighteen fair damsels, who practice religiously seven times a week and have become strong and robust from the exercise. They are very expert at the game and confidently expect to vanquish any club of gentlemen that may challenge them.

THE PURITANS.

Correspondence of the Gazette.

Thanksgiving day furnishes occasion for numerous attacks, editorial, upon the character of the first settlers of New England, and as the newspapers of the day exert an unquestioned influence upon their patrons, and as it is easier to accept their statements than to refer to authorities which they garble or misquote, an important historical fact is quite generally misunderstood. One would infer from a reading of some of these brilliant disquisitions that the Puritans had a monopoly of the superstition and bigotry of the age; when a little time devoted to consulting history would have demonstrated that so far from being the sole possessors of these undesirable traits, they were less violently affected than the rest of mankind, and were the first to awaken from the nightmare that oppressed the world. The belief in witchcraft existed from the beginning of history to as late a day as 1863, when a wizard was drowned in England; and the delusion which New England removed in 1692, was recognized by the laws of Old England as late as 1736, and judicial executions for witchcraft were perpetrated in Europe not longer ago than 1793.

The error of New England is dinned in the ear of successive generations, until the fact is lost sight of that some of the greatest minds of England were under the influence of this terrible delusion, and that the enormities done in Massachusetts were a very trifle compared with the wholesale burnings at the stake and other barbarities sanctioned by the laws of England and the whole continent of Europe.

To quote from President Bartlet of Dartmouth:

"The number of witches executed in England during the first eighty years of that century has been estimated at 80,000.

"And now in this mass of folly that filled the whole civilized world, what was New England's share?

"How many were actually put to death? Nineteen, all told. And then the delusion passed away forever, overwhelmed by the mighty force of universal sentiment." No other land ever witnessed a furer so brief, a resction so profound, or a repentance so deep."

"In all these things our ancesters were in advance of their age." "And the attention that has been directed to their remaining errors is absurdly disproportionate."

"We do not care to apologize for them, except as sharing our common humanity." "We simply say, show us better men if you can, before them, or since, or now."

That the Puritans are deserving of preeminent consideration as factors in the civilization of the world let England and America answer.

John Richard Green, in his history, "The English People," says, "It was the Puritan who had slowly won the mass of the English people to any real acceptance of Protestanism."

"At the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth's successor, the bulk of the country gentlemen, the bulk of the wealthier trades, had become Puritans." A Puritan wife says of her husband, "his reason always submitted to the word of God; but in all other things the greatest names in the world would not lead him without reason." Again, of the temper of the age, i. e., the profound respect for positive law: "It was in the creation of such a temper as this that Puritanism gave its noblest gift to English politics." Of the English gentleman moulded in this spirit it was said: "He never disdained the meanest nor flattered the greatest."

"The history of English progress since the restoration, on its moral and spiritual sides, has been the history of Puritanism." In refusing to pay the unjust ship-money tax levied by Charles, John Hampden, Puritan, set the example followed by Puritan Massachusetts, which resulted in the independence of these United States.

England had never reached so exalted a place among the nations of the earth as when Oliver Cromwell, "the uncrowned king," dictated her course, and made her name a name to be feared among all peoples.

And whatever of good there is in our public school system, our academies and colleges, and public libraries and kindred institutions, Puritan, bigoted, superstitious Massachusetts gave them birth, nourished their infancy, strengthened their youth, and maintains them in their maturity. Nothing can be farther from the truth than the statement that the Puritan characters is not truly honored, and that it does not command the respect of all thoughtful men.

Milton has been called the highest type of the Puritan, and the man who can read the account of the first settlers of Massachusetts during the first winter at Plymouth, when half their number died, and the survivors, that the Indians might not learn their loss, leveled the graves, and in the spring planted corn above them; I say that the man who cannot admire this strong, positive, manly, God fearing character, is an arrant hypocrite when he sounds the praises of Milton's immortal poems, and his admiration of that illustrious soldier, the "Cromwell of the Southern Confederacy," the grand, heroic, honored of all honest men, "Stonewall" Jackson, is but a pretense and a sham. SHAWMUT.

Sherman and a Fair Count.

New York Sun.

Mr. John Sherman has communicated to the Cincinnati Esquirer the platform on which he stands as a candidate for President. Reduced to its simplest terms, the Sherman platform is this:

1. Protection for American industries.
2. A fair count of the vote in the southern states.

We imagine that if John Sherman should get the Republican nomination next summer, the canvass would turn chiefly upon the second issue which he here presents to the people:

Sherman and a fair count in the south;

Sherman and an honest ballot box in Louisiana.

Sherman and no returning board knavery to deprive the people of their choice:

Sherman and stern justice for the forgers, the perjurors, the suborners of perjury, the manipulators of returns, the visiting statesmen on a crooked errand, the plotters of electoral fraud, the hirers of criminals, the dispensers of public office as the reward of the crime—these, we suppose, would be some of the rallying cries of the Sherman campaign for an honest ballot in the southern states.

It is a good enough issue. The Democratic party will be glad to meet Mr. John Sherman on that issue. Will he carry the otherwise useless Hayes with him, to sit on the stage in full sight of the audience he addresses in behalf of a fair count of the vote in the southern states?

Two Toowooba girls won a prize given last month in Queensland, Australia, for "the best young lady of the colony." It meant the one who could best do all the household duties of a colonial woman. The prize was divided.

Apples are so plentiful in Norwich, Conn., that a barrel filled with them is worth no more than an empty one.

An earthquake occurred in Ireland on October 28. The shock seems to have been confined to the southern part of the island, and was very severe. The rock at Cape Reikianeas, on which the lighthouse stands, has been rent asunder and the house considerably damaged.

Coal has been selling at Los Angeles, Cal., for $16 a ton.